

# The Toike Gazette

University of Toronto's Retro-Humour Newspaper Since 1911

This newspaper was printed and calibrated on a Gutenberg 'original' EZ-1436 printing press.

## Start-Ups Crash Hop; Squares Furious



NEWMARKET (Toike)-Boppers at Samuel J. Johnson High School were severely bugged Friday when well-known greasers Nicky "Boss" Giametti, P.J. "Knuckles" O'Toole, and Frankie "Razz" deSalva showed up unexpected at the annual All-Areas Dance-Off Bonfire Bash.

Spirit Squad Co-Captain, Dance Co-Coordinator and well-known wet rag Susan May Hanson was "just plain devastated" when the boys arrived at the dance in Giametti's Deuce. After bursting into tears, throwing her pom-poms to the ground, and splitting, her boyfriend, Ivy Leaguer Dickie Ferguson, agreed to make a statement.

"Well, gee, I just don't understand why they had to come to our hop. I mean, holy cow, they didn't even bring dance partners! Guys like that are just plain no good. Golly."

While at the dance, the boys, known throughout Newmarket as the Gators, proceeded to cut-up by spiking the punch and asking nerds' partners to play backseat bingo. "Those cubes were really cruisin' for a bruisin'," O'Toole told Gator groupie Judy "Pepper" James later that night over a hooch at the watertower. Also, several keeners lost their pinks to deSalva in a series of drags. Having surrendered their rides, they were forced to phone Timmy Thomson's father, Mayor and Fire Chief Ted Thomson, who obliged with a car pool when the dance ended at 9:30pm.

The boys were asked to remove themselves from the gymnasium by Principal Bob Jenson, who later described them as "bad news." They did, though not without telling him to "drop dead twice" and stealing several nerds' dance partners. This led to an uproar from the male hoppers, who were quickly disheartened amidst the shower of insults that met them. "Janey Dodson called me 'four eyes' and said I was 'nowheresville.' Jiminy, you'd think being Glee Club Chairman two years in a row would command some respect."

Though the dance-off went smoothly after that, the thrill of the contest was slightly diluted by the shortage of skirts. Because there were only two whole couples left, the judges declared Bucky Gremson and Mary-Ann Samson, and Pauly Bobson and Maggie-Jean Peterson co-winners.

When asked about the dance later, Giametti had this to say: "Looky here, the Gators are fat city and those geeks are a pile of Z's, baby. So unless you're lookin' for a knuckle sandwich, you better dig it. Now cut it, you're frostin' my threads."

Though later that night there were several other reports of general hoodlum-ism, there is no conclusive evidence that the Gators were involved. However, it has been reported by an anonymous source in the Newmarket Mother's Bridge Club that at least seven daughters were home past curfew, smelling of what has been identified as "cigarette smoke." Also, after the dance, a custodian found Honor Society President Gary Renson weggied and stuffed in his locker.

Circa 1953



## DID YOU KNOW?

The University of Toronto was originally founded in 65 million B.C. when dinosaurs still roamed the earth and cave men sought a higher education. Back then, the city of Toronto was made up of active volcanoes, and was largely uninhabitable. Thus, the entrance exam consisted of an obstacle course across gorges filled with molten lava and through a forest of Velociraptors as a test of whether you were tough enough to attend university. Classes were taught by advanced primates who had been trained to make cave writing on the chalk boards of University College using their own feces. Sadly, around 20 million B.C., Mount Robartus (pictured here) erupted unexpectedly, filling all of the lecture halls with melted igneous rock and killing all of the primate professors. It was not until 1827 that U of T's second founders located a chunk of the ancient lava that had buried the original university, thereby inspiring them to re-create the past glory of the cave man university era.

## On This Day in History

**1581** Francis Drake completed the circumnavigation of the world. Never again would his peri's experience the kind of pleasure that it was built for.

**1797** Nathaniel Briggs patented the washing machine as a solution to all the soiled linens that were mysteriously beginning to accumulate in his parlour.

**1854** The Crimean War began with Britain and France declaring war on Russia using a primitive version of the internet called A Boat With a Guy On It That Sails Across the Ocean and Brings a Message to the Other Person.

**1885** The Salvation Army was officially organized in the U.S., making it possible for people to finally donate those embarrassing Confederate Army uniforms and later in the year 2000, the equally embarrassing stirrup stretch pants that teenage girls had worn in the early 1990s.

**1917** During World War I the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps (WAAC) was founded. The WAAC was later disbanded by President Roosevelt during World War II, as many of the group's participants had gained a bit of a reputation for being "loose women."

**1986** More than 6,000 radio stations of all format varieties played "We are the World" simultaneously at 10:15 a.m. EST. This resulted in all of the people who had heard the song running to the washroom to vomit simultaneously.

**1990** In Britain, a joint Anglo-U.S. "sting" operation ended with the seizure of 40 capacitors, which can be used in the trigger mechanism of a nuclear weapon. On this same day in history, my older cousin Janet got her period for the first time, and I was really confused about why my aunt kept saying that she had "finally become a woman".

## Dangerous Alien Entity Strikes On Campus

Federal Bureau of Extraterrestrial Encounters

TORONTO (Toike) - A strange creature was sighted on campus 1/7th of a fortnight ago. The witness was a 3rd year medical student who was innocently trimming his sideburns with his scalpel. His astonished cry was heard all over campus when he chanced upon the thing. All froze in terror as his shout of "God man! What in the bloody blamin' hell is that?" pierced their ears and stunned them like a flatulent outburst at a board room meeting.

The witness, who would rather not be named, could only remember that the thing was a bipedal sapiens-like being who had no sideburns and who possessed two parabolic protrusions around the chest. Are these weapons? Many professors believe so. Dr. John Fritter thinks that the creature possesses evil mind reducing capabilities and has come to U of T to sap the revered academic institution of its brain power.

Evidence for this proposal comes from the witness himself who alleges that he could not stop staring at the twin protrusions. "They took control of my brain." He explains in a shaky voice. "After they were out of sight and I reclaimed my mind, I felt significantly more dim-witted."

Concerned friends reported that the witness walked around in a daze during the day of the attack. Besides walking into various lamp-posts and mistaking his professor for a cadaver, he dropped his scalpel on his toe. He is now in the hospital recovering from his injury and well as his brain loss.

Will the creature strike again? We cannot know. As we are unable to catch the thing, we know not when or where the next attack will occur. The witness has no recollection of what the things face looked like as he was completely transfixed by the two hypnotic orbs. No doubt this is a ploy of the creature to escape detection.

All students are at risk and as far as we know, there is no way to defend against the unexpected strikes by the entity except perhaps faking dead. If you chance upon the thing, do not panic. Simply stop drop and roll. Then don't move. Singing medieval Gregorian chants as you fall may intercept the evil influence of the spherical mind sapping units.

Our academic institution is in grave danger. The creature may come again or worse, bring more of its kind to reduce the student body to a mass of bumbling, ungainly morons.

Circa 1912



• Free on campus  
1 Can of Food in Ottawa  
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\$20.00 United States

(1 Newspaper per Serving)  
0 Kcal per Serving  
Exceeds recommended daily intake for fibre.

WARNING: MAY CONTAIN TRACES OF PEANUTS

# The Toike Oike

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## Special Thanks to:

Editorials.

## WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

## DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.

## Editorial

### THINKING BACK...

A long time ago when I first stepped foot onto this here university I had no real idea what the fuck I was about to get into. I was a fresh-faced cherry who knew jack shit about the real world and I can't say that I really know it any better thanks to school.

Luckily I have had the honour to work for this newspaper for every year that I was here. I never thought I'd end up running it. Not at first, anyways! But after a while this thing just grew on me. I can say now that this has been the biggest influence on my time here. Were it not for the Toike I would have gone insane long ago.

Over the years I have seen many a writer come and go. I've even seen (and had the pleasure to meet) a few rare comic artists here and there. Last year as Senior Staff Writer I worked with Mark Jaggassar to shake things up a little at the Toike and branch out to the entire campus. This year I've had a smashing time and I've come to consider the entire staff my extended family. You girls and guys (and I say girls first because for the first time to my knowledge the Toike has more female staff than male) are quite simply the best bunch of people I've ever worked with. All those horrible hours spent in the dungeon (engcom) were made better with your tireless efforts. And so begins a rather lengthy thank you list. A toast, to all those whom I am indebted to for their noble deeds:

**The Readers:** without you this newspaper is meaningless. If you've ever smiled, laughed, drooled, or maybe even shit your pants (slam dunk!) then I am happy. Thanks to everyone who sent in letters with phrases like "you guys kick ass" and "I want to kill you". I promise you all that next year will be even better!

**Mark Jaggassar (Editor-in-Chief 2002-2003):** your grandiose ideas somehow meshed perfectly with mine. Thanks for giving me the chance to be Senior Staff Writer this year, and paving the way for the way we do things now. I stand on the shoulders of giants.

**Don McAuslan and Dave Perry (2001-2002, 2000-2001 Toike Editors):** not sure if you ever thought I was any good as a writer, but you both printed me and my loony comics anyway. Thanks for giving me the experience to write and appreciate writing. Congrats to Don and best of luck with your VP Finance job... it's gonna be a handful.

**David Kobayashi (Graphics Editor):** you seriously put in more hours of work than anyone I know on staff (well, besides me, guffaw) and frankly the paper looked absolutely amazing from month to month because of you. Your efforts have not gone unnoticed and I wish you the best of luck taking over the Toike as Editor-in-Chief for the 2004-2005 season! Good thing you're already used to the stale air in engcom.

**Terry Lung and Holly Wonch (Copy Editors):** you kept the paper (relatively) error-free and cleaned up the mistakes of many, many, many, writers. Your eyes dried out and you stole my books on writing style and punctuation (which you may keep!) Thanks for your keen vision, flashy red pens, and upbeat attitudes!

**Jesse Katz-Totton (Layout Editor):** I don't know how you did it from month to month, but you went from three days of layout to only one day of layout. Did you sell your soul to the devil to work that fast? Thanks for setting up the templates for all future Toikes to come. Layout will never be difficult with the way you set it up.

**Lauren Noonan (Senior Staff Writer):** Thanks for all of your nutty ideas and the ego battles we had in the office. What is life without conflict?

**Staff Writers:** Alex, you have turned out to be one hell of a kickass writer—Keep on rockin'. Alice, best of luck with the new VP Communications position—you will be missed. Anne, with your talent, enthusiasm and willingness to put your ideas on the line I would not have guessed that you were in first year (guffaw!). Dave, machismo forever—original soul! Annie, this one's for you—kick some ass next year as Senior Staff Writer, you've earned it.

**Paul Dabrowski (Quality Assurance):** Keep on sticking it to the man. Don't go too crazy on PeY; I know you still have a few months left but just wait, 4th year hell is waiting for you.

**Regular Contributors:** Mei Ling Chen and Sean Hockin, the dynamic frosh duo. Best of luck to you both, your invitations to be staff writers are in the mail. Marin Turk, a solid performance so far—we'd love to have you as a staff writer next year too. Peter Suddard, that Bible DVD idea was fucking great. Ron Linklater, good luck in 4th year man, thesis is a bitch. Nick Loberto, thanks for taking over the classifieds from Dave (he's a busy man!). Ben Spigel and James Holler, hope you have more time to write next year.

**Ashley Morton (SAC President 2003-2004):** Thanks for helping us get the news stands. You have no idea how much that meant for the newspaper.

**Mike "Studi" (Engineering Communications Chair 2003-2004):** Thanks for your support throughout the year and especially during the bogus controversy. I owe you a beer.

**Barb Ellenson:** Your help all year was fantastic. Thank you!

**Everyone Who Chose to Complain to the Faculty and NOT to Us:** Thanks for completely bypassing the feedback loop and stirring up a shit-storm that was completely unnecessary. If that's what it takes to create a hubub these days then nothing can save us from getting shut down.

**Certain Officers (not all) Who Ditched Us and Yielded to Faculty Pressure:** Thanks for demonstrating two old sayings: "There's no such things as bad soldiers, just bad officers," and "Don't piss down my back and tell me it's raining." Quotes courtesy of Col. Hackworth and the Outlaw Josey Wales.

I hate to end this on a bad note so let's move on to the special thanks!

**Special thanks to:** Grand Funk Railroad for good music, MXC for when I was bored, OJ at Einstein's for the sweet advertising for chickens deal, Krystal Nicholson and Kamilah Munroe at Campus Plus, University of Toronto for the fun ride, the University of Toronto Engineering Society for giving me this job, everyone who believes that this University can have more life, more fun, and more mind-altering experiences.

**Additional Thanks to:** everyone who did not mention (I am sometimes forgetful) but who I know deep down contributed their share to this fine newspaper.

As you can see, this little publication was the result of many hardcore enthusiastic individuals. Ultimately they formed a working team that managed to turn silver into gold from month to month. Congratulations to you all on your fine efforts. Make me proud by doing an even better job next year and blowing this year out of the water!

This is 'Cheetos', singing off and hopefully graduating... now back to writing my thesis.

Good night U of T, Good night Canada!!! Over and out.

Kevin Au  
Editor-in-Chief, 2003-2004

## Best Wings

## Best Student Pub

-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



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Top 2 List

The Top 2 T-Shirt  
Slogans That  
Don't Exist

2. Go ahead; stare at my chest – it's easier for my boyfriend to rob you
1. My other shirt is hanging on your mom's bed

Toike Oike  
Top 1 List

TOP 1 WANKERS:  
YOU!

# LOCAL

## NEWS BRIEFS

### GUY NOT SURE IF DEFECATED ON BY BIRD

TORONTO (Star) - A man walking west on Bloor Street this morning thinks a bird may have pooped on his head, but he is unsure. "Could have been water," says man. Local authorities are looking into the matter.

### STUDENT HOPES LONG TIME CRUSH WILL ATTEND END OF YEAR PARTY

TORONTO (SUN) - Andrew Rowley, 23, a third year student of New College, is anxiously awaiting the end of year New College party. Rowley hopes his "long time crush," Alison Peters, 22, who he has not seen in over a year, will attend and that he will have the nerve to speak to her, and possibly get laid. "I've been waiting for this moment," says Rowley, "I can't say I'm not nervous. I've been preparing myself, of course, but you never know what can happen in these types of situations." Rowley met Peters last year while they shared a class. He claims that Peters made the first move after lightly touching his arm in response to a joke he made in class. Though their acquaintance was cut short due to an e-mail fiasco which resulted in Rowley's nervous breakdown and eventually taking a sabbatical from school, Rowley says he loves her and strongly believes Peters is his soul mate. "She's the one," said Rowley, "whatever happened last year is in the past. I completely forgive her about the e-mail incident." Unfortunately Rowley is unaware that Peters left for Australia in February to study abroad. She is accompanied by her fiancée of 6 months.

### JAYWALKER HIT BY BUS INCIDENT DESCRIBED AS "TRAGY-COMEDIC"

TORONTO (Star) - A jaywalker was hit by a school bus yesterday while trying to cross the street at Queen's Park; onlookers described the scene as both laughter and tears. Lydia Shemeluck, 21, a Phys-ed student at UofT, was crossing the street in a funny trot, when she noticed the bus heading her way and began trotting faster to avoid it. Friends say the trotting was funny but the bus running her over wasn't. "I saw her trotting and started laughing," says friend Tim Washburn, "I wanted to warn her about the bus, but I was just laughing too much. Then, when she noticed the bus, her trotting just got funnier, I thought I was gonna die!" Washburn described Shemeluck's trot as a light hop and he stressed the fact that she held her hands up in the air, with "loose" wrists, while jaywalking. Continues Washburn: "When she noticed the bus her trot got more frantic, and frenzied, like she was afraid for her life or something. Her hands were flailing everywhere! Oh man! It was hilarious!" Though Washburn was highly entertained by the incident, he agrees that it was no longer funny once Shemeluck was hit by the bus. "Yes, I was laughing a lot," a now serious Washburn explains. "But when she got smacked by the bus I realized the joke was pretty much over."

### PIGEONS ARE FEELING GROOVY

TORONTO (SUN) - The miracles of science have answered the question that has perplexed urban dwellers for centuries. Last week, scientist Lucy Larry discovered why pigeons walk with a funny bopping gait. FMRI scans have revealed that when the heat patterns produced by the brains of a standard pigeon are translated into sound waves, they are an exact replica of the Simon and Garfunkel 1966 hit "Feelin' Groovy". Mrs. Larry proposes the song must be playing in their heads all the time. The rhythmic, outward protrusion of the neck that accompanies each step a pigeon makes is simply, as Mrs. Larry put it, "them groovin' to the beat." There was one outstanding case where the pigeon's heat patterns mimicked the song "Fuck the Police" by N.W.A. This pigeon has been permanently sedated for public safety.

# Grandfather's Unexpected Longevity

## Serious Inconvenience to Family

MARKHAM (Toke) - Cancer sufferer Jack McGee, 89, originally given only two short weeks to live, survived a total of seven weeks much to the disappointment and inconvenience of his friends and family. Doctors at St. Luke's Community Hospital predicted that McGee's life consuming cancer would be terminal in approximately two weeks from the time he was last admitted to the hospital. However McGee, "always a fighter" according to son Scott, held on to life by just a thread for almost five weeks longer than expected before passing away surrounded by his family, most of whom had been waiting around for more than a month.

"I loved the old man and all but I really don't have the time to wait around for him to kick the bucket," complained eldest son Ryan McGee. "I can't afford to take off work week after week. Dad's death probably cost me ten grand in lost profits."

"When I heard of Jack was nearly done for, I was devastated," explained a long time friend and confidant "but grief only lasts so long. I was totally in the acceptance phase before he even died. By the time of the funeral I was completely indifferent."

The feelings of indifference were common among funeral attendees largely due to the fact that the burial plans had to be repeatedly

postponed. McGee's unexpected longevity resulted in his family having to reschedule services at Dodsworth and Brown Funeral Home a total of four times as his health rose and fell like a yo-yo.



Old bag pictured above.

"We were vacationing in Cancun when we heard the news," recalled Sherry, one of McGee's daughter-in-laws. "We got here right away but really, if we had known Jack wouldn't be pushin' up daisies for another month... well let's just say I could have one kick-ass tan by now."

McGee is survived by his two sons, their wives and five grandchildren, all of whom missed five weeks of school just to be at their grandpa's side in his final days-turned-weeks.

Six-year-old Jenna was especially distraught by her grandfather's death. "Grandpa's house was always so much fun but this time he just laid there with that mask on. He wouldn't play with me, not even when I tried to jump rope with those tubes he held in his mouth."

Not everyone was upset or surprised about McGee's passing, especially former WWII comrade Herby Newman. "I never liked the old bugger. Always last out of the trench, always bolding up the advance, just like him not to die on time, neither. No surprise. 'bout time you old bugger!"

# Gay Man Literally Stuck in Closet

IRONY OF THE SITUATION DECLARED "DELICIOUS"



TORONTO (SUN) - It was an ordinary day for John Stevenson until he went to get dressed in his medium-sized dorm closet last Thursday. Donning a grey sweater and jeans, Stevenson turned around to open the closet door, only to discover that it would not budge. Though he knocked on the door for hours, he knew he was in for the long haul when no one came to his rescue and he remembered that his roommate and most of the people on his floor had gone home for a long weekend. After four days of eating shoe leather to survive, John was finally discovered by his dom and treated for minor dehydration.

All of this would make for nothing more than a seriously-themed "Punky Brewster" episode if it weren't for the first words that Stevenson uttered when he came out of the closet on that fateful day. "I said I'm gay!" John recalls. "I had a lot of time to think while I was stuck in there, and at the end of it all, I figured I might as well kill two birds with one stone when I was rescued."

Although John was previously in the closet before the whole incident occurred, friends were hardly surprised by the news and were particularly thrilled at the clever way that his coming out was executed. Even his parents, who were at first silently uncomfortable with the whole affair, were completely won over when told that their son's sexuality had been revealed through the use of a dated pun.

Ron Linklater

Annie Unnold

### Student Recites "Deep Thought" in Lecture

TORONTO (Toke) - Philosophy student Anthony "Boom Boom" Bakerdjian allegedly shocked classmates yesterday when he stood from his seat during lecture and began to iterate a deep thought. The professor and students silently listened, and were baffled by what they heard.

Bakerdjian apparently stood up and demanded the attention of the lecture hall, while subsequently removing a small book from his bag, which supposedly contained the deep thought. He then began to loudly recite it, and as students began buckling at the force of its deep meaning, he started to "become very flamboyant and animated" and gallivanting victoriously around the seats.

"I was just like, whoa man, what just happened?" said one of Bakerdjian's classmates. "One second I'm just getting into my lecture sleeping position, and the next I hear this deep thought... I started seeing spots and stuff... it totally rocked my mind." When asked about the nature of the thought, students described it as "seriously deep" and "major deepness," while one student simply began making swimming motions with his arms and pointing downwards. Lecture was abruptly dismissed in order to give students time to digest it all. The professor, who has requested anonymity, revealed his relief. "I was running out of material," he stated, "and I was kind of hoping something would stop the students from realizing I had no clue what I was talking about... but then again, whenever that happens I just tell them it's all relative." Some were more impacted than others. "There's McCain Deep and Delicious Cake, there's Deep Space Nine, but then there's... this..." a student tremulously stammered. "I don't think my life will ever be the same."

The department has considered a scholarship for Bakerdjian in lieu of the event. A mandate has gone out ordering that the deep thought be banned from disclosure to the public or media, for obvious security reasons.



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# Great Engineers

OF THE 15TH AND 16TH CENTURIES

It has been a long, grueling year for all of us here at U of T. For lucky graduates, the silver lining of the future sparkles in the sunset, golden meadows whisper endless possibilities into the winds of freedom, gently falling snow signals a new beginning, and tangy citrus Mountain Dew fizzes success. While for poor Frosh, it comes to be that the shining light at the end of your tunnel was just a freight train heading your way. It's coming your waaaay!

Those remaining are still lost somewhere in the middle. You can see the flowery orchards in the distance, you can detect the faint hint of delicious apple pie, but the field you're walking through is just covered knee-deep with shit. In this year's final issue, the Toke has decided to commemorate some of history's greatest inventors and engineers who have motivated and inspired us all to continue striving for a better tomorrow.

## LORD RONALD POPELTON (1414 - 1460)

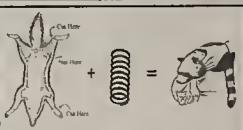
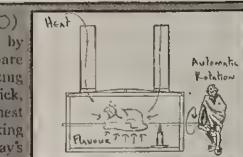
A carpenter by trade, Lord Popelton built his fortune by building custom paperweights for the wealthy. In his spare time, Popelton was an avid inventor. Among his most amazing inventions were his precursors to the modern day toothpick, shish-kebab skewer, and dowel rod. However, he is best known for his "Automatic Convection Game-Hen Cooking Box" which survived through the ages to become today's Showtime Rotisserie Grill. A product of sheer wood-working ingenuity, game hens would be placed inside the Cooking Box's convection compartment suspended by Popelton's very own wooden shaft technology. The owner could then instruct a slave to slowly rotate the game hen while he attended to other business. This unique ability to "set it and forget it" became wildly popular. Furthering the Cooking Box's widespread use, the wooden compartment absorbed oils and grease like a sponge - effectively "cutting the fat" out of a well-cooked bird. However, no flavour was ever lost since each bird cooked in the Cooking Box automatically inherited the tastes of all previous birds cooked in the same box. The more the Cooking Box was used, the fuller the flavour of the birds it would produce.

## VESPUCCI DAGUCCI (1470-1515)

An animal trapper who spent his life in a self-made sod hut in the woods, DaGucci dedicated himself to the study of animals he trapped. DaGucci was notorious for his eccentric love of animals and his radical scientific viewpoints. He strongly believed that biology and technology were not two irreconcilable fields but were destined to merge into one universal science - a heretical belief in his era. However, many now praise him as the father of bio-mechanical engineering. His most well known work was the "Animated Animal Pelt-Spring Hybrid". In his visionary creation, DaGucci wrapped an animal pelt around a long, loosely coiled metal spring. When held in the proper position, a person could use his forefinger and thumb to manipulate the Animal-Spring in a highly lifelike fashion. DaGucci developed several techniques and routines to make his Animal-Spring appear playful, frightened, and even curious. His tricks never ceased to amaze his loyal audience of boulders and wildflowers. He was still struggling with imitating an "animal-in-heath" emotion when he fell unexpectedly ill and passed away. His name would remain in relative obscurity for the next couple of centuries until modern day architects discovered and published his papers.

## GENERAL ZHU ZHOU DI (1532-1573)

General Zhu was a prominent figure in several of the Ming dynasty's major battles, although historians typically attribute his victories to luck rather than military prowess. Many of Zhu's peers felt he was more trouble than he was worth, since Zhu tended to focus more on his hobby than anything else. Zhu's primary interest, like many young generals of his time, was with horses and riding fast horses. He was infamous amongst villagers and farmers for frequently racing his horses through their settlements - throwing neatly arranged piles of dirt and straw into complete disarray. However, his passion in this area also resulted in technological innovations that we could not do without today. A natural innovator, Zhu would purchase average quality horses and replace existing equipment on the horse with his own bright, pastel coloured reins and saddles. Custom rein and saddle-jobs quickly gained popularity amongst his followers. Zhu also developed neon lanterns to be hung on a horse's front and rear, making the horse appear as though it came from the future. He is mostly remembered for his "Dynamus Rear-Spoiler" which was essentially a wing attached to the horse's haunch. While in motion, the Spoiler lifted the horse's rear end reducing friction with the ground - increasing its overall top speed and cornering abilities. Enthusiasts often combined all the above customizations with Zhu's "8-Ventriole/2-stroke Horse Heart" which doubled the horse's horsepower. Due to his ability to ride fast horses, Zhu typically had money and concubines rain down on him rather than water.



"Our interest rates may be average, but it's better than losing a pound of flesh!"  
-Shylock Goldstein, President & CEO

"Don't like the rate? Let's make a deal!"  
- The Merchant of Venice

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# I CAN SLIDE RULE YOUR ASS UNDER THE TABLE

By PROFESSOR PAUL DABROWSKI SR. III, CIV 4T5



Quick, what's 529 divided by 23? What's the matter, forget your 23 times table, you miserable excuse for an engineering graduate? Solar calculator not working because you're in the dark? Spare me your sob stories, you pussy. An engineer should be prepared to make calculations like these at any moment. You're not cut out for this line of work. I can slide rule your ass under the table.

Forgive me, I tend to drift off-topic in my old age.

But what remains sharp as a bayonet is my ability to solve complex trigonometric equations with nothing more than my platinum slide rule, and the volumes of trig tables burned into my memory. You are lucky if today's young engineer can recite his 18-times table! Elementary! I say, if you wish to call yourself an engineer, you should be able to design a bridge on the back of a napkin. AutoCAD, shmo-toCAD.

I ask you this: if you were stranded on a tropical island, and your calculator washed ashore ruined, how would you begin to plan your dramatic escape? Slide rules do not cease to function when dropped in water! I bet you never thought of that, you bumbling buffoon. How would you calculate the displacement of your raft, to ensure it stays afloat given the weight of the coconuts required to sustain your famished and broken personage? What size should you make the sail to maximize thrust? Today's engineer would not know where to begin.

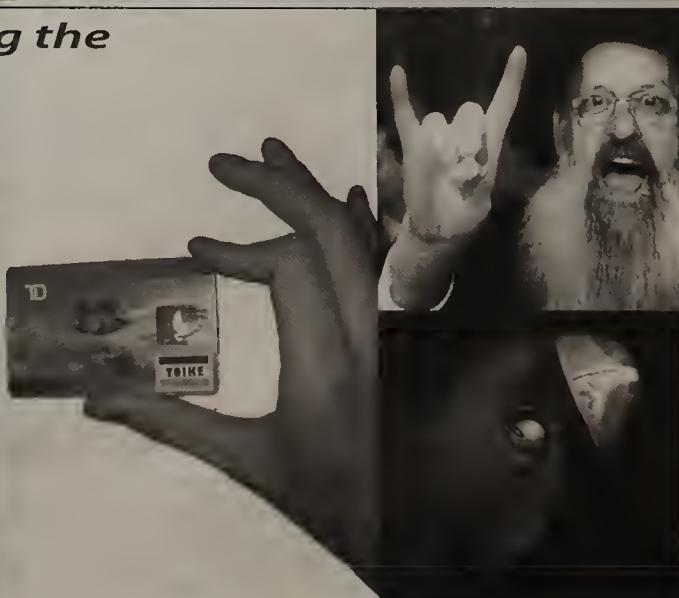
But when your cruise ship sinks and you manage to swim to your tropical atoll, you will mark my words, and wish you had me for a professor.

Do they sell engineering degrees at the tuck shop these days? How else would you explain the plague of so-called scientists that will eventually clog up our country's social welfare net, who cannot count past ten without the aid of a calculator? You make me sick.

Nurse, bring me my medicine.



Above: A common slide rule



Name (please print)  
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City  
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Postal Code

## Punctuation - The Untold Story

Ever wonder why the English language is such a confusing, turbulent miasma of grammar? Ever wonder why each sentence must end with a period lest the world explode in a vicious fiery inferno? Ever get the feeling there's more to punctuation than what's taught in school? If not, screw off and go read something else. Otherwise, here's the real deal with all your grammatical friends. The ones you constantly misused throughout middle school.

**Period:** Being the most frequently used punctuation mark, you'd think that the period would be the most popular. Unfortunately, the period works too hard to do any socializing and have any kind of fun. The period is always working overtime, especially when it comes to the ellipses... One of these days something's going to give.

**Comma:** Constantly misplaced and left playing second fiddle to the period, the comma turned to a quiet, reclusive life. When not punctuating lists and long sentences, the comma writes poetry, goes canoeing, and occasionally plays squash with the quotation marks. However, beneath its meek exterior, the comma dreams of the day when it will overthrow the period and become the most ubiquitous of punctuation marks.

**Ampersand:** Can you say "corporate sell-out?" The ampersand struck it rich, selling its service to countless companies such as AT&T and A&W. Though quite wealthy, it remains somewhat unsatisfied with life, due to the fact that it's really only good at one thing.



### Exclamation/QuestionMark:

These two are both thrill seekers: sky-diving, bungee-jumping, bull-fighting - they've done it all. They used to both look the same, but the question mark was too uncertain about cliff-diving once, landed awkwardly in the water, and was left hunched forward. Regardless, the two are still very active and outgoing.



**Hyphen:** Always sandwiched between two letters instead of next to one, like any other punctuation mark, the hyphen is quite a popular one. On any given morning, the hyphen is likely hung over from a wild party at the percent sign's place the night before. Regardless, the hyphen gets the job done, frequently confused, however, with its cousins: the dash and the minus sign.



**Colon and Semicolon:** Needless to say, this pair isn't entirely satisfied with their monikers. Both are looking to change their names to something less reminiscent of a bodily organ.



I didn't have much money growing up - in fact, my parents would sometimes use money from my room route to make ends meet. I worried I wouldn't have the education I needed to support myself in the future. But, thanks to United Way, I was able to help fund my small business, and now I have financial security.

My name is Bill Gates.

That's United Way.  
Your Money Got to Me!

WITHOUT YOU, THERE WOULD BE NO WAY...



Football is by far the manliest of the table sports known to man. Forget about snooker and ping-pong, nothing is as quick paced and action packed as a game of football. Little men spin really fast while the ball smacks around the playing field even faster; you barely have time to catch your breath. Wrist/forearm injuries are the least of your worries when a really good game gets underway. If your macho game skills have plateaued, and you're ready to take the football experience to the next level, the ultimate level, then follow these steps to increase the... DANGER ELEMENT!

① Don't play two on two. A real man can handle all four rods on his own.

② Put some mud, water and a praying mantis on the table to recreate the conditions of a soccer match played in the rain.

③ Equip the table so that a small electrical jolt passes through the rod every time a player attached to that rod makes contact with the ball (kind of like a N64 rumble pack).

④ Lubricate your hands with water to make the electric jolts more intense.

⑤ Headphones attached to the table play pump-upping Mortal Kombat type music to accompany your game (NO sissy Eurotrash!).

⑥ If you get scored on, psychologically abusive Robert Deniro sound clips replace the music and wear you down mentally as you try to get back into the game.

⑦ Enforce the dick-out rule.

⑧ Remember the game "REDASS"? Instead of playing with points, spell out the word REDASS. First one to get all six letters must lay down their face at midfield, and be kicked by every one of the opponent's men.

⑨ Instead of a ball, use a seven second mini-grenade and pull the pin just before you serve it up.

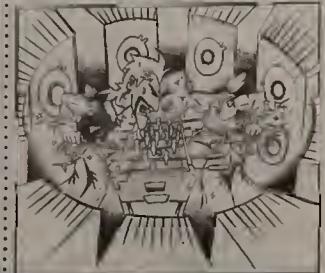
⑩ Hire your high school football coach to attend your match and whip footballs at you and your opponent's hands while you try to play the game.

⑪ Instead of footballs, your football coach starts whipping darts at you and your opponent's hands while you try to play the game.

⑫ Players break each other's legs before the match so that they must support their body weight at all times by clutching onto the playing rods. No longer is basic wrist strength prioritized. Weaklings need not apply.

⑬ Loser of the match has to play a game of Russian roulette before he can ask for a rematch.

*Laurent Noonan* strives to take everyday sport to the extreme. His involvement with the development of "extreme squash" has been an inspiration to danger enthusiasts worldwide. He himself is a large enthusiast of both extreme sports, and is always looking for new challengers.



Above: A typical game of EXTREME HITZ

## Big like Me

For the past 72 hours I have been living the life of a short person. Standing at a stately 5' 15" it was quite a shock to live the life of a short person. The following events have not been embellished in anyway.

It all began when I was asked to prop up a weak article written by another Toke staff writer and my first thoughts were why? I can see the wisdom in teaming up staff to improve their writing but with a writer of Mei's height can anything really be done? Begeudgingly I went along with the exercise.

My first thoughts of being short turned to immediate suicide. For the first 2 hours all I could think of was shooting myself in the head and ending the agony of it all. Speaking as a recovering short person myself I can tell you it isn't a road you like reliving. While my mind turned towards killing myself I learned of an amusing Catch 22. Rafters are built at a height that a short person cannot effectively tie a noose around them. Tall people can reach these rafters but they don't need to bang themselves, because they are not short.

I was asked to do some off the duties that Mei usually does during the day to help me gain a full appreciation of how she and other short people live. I looked under tables for stuff, got in tall people's way, and negotiated on the behalf of the Lollipop guild in a labor dispute. Walking around and getting spat on from tall people gave me time to think about my new short stature. Most short people claim they enjoy ample legroom wherever they sit, which is true. I feel however these people would probably want to have legs the length of normal people over all of the leg stretching they enjoy.

In the end I learned something about being short. People will not sell you a gun when you are short no matter how much you beg and cry. And the fact that we rob these "half people" of firearm ownership allows me to sleep very comfortably at night.

Pete Suddard

## Small like Mei

I was late for a lab one day and as I walked into the class I was disappointed to find that there was only one coat hanger left. And of course it had to be the highest one and definitely out of my reach. After about five minutes of trying to jump and throw my coat onto the hook, I swallowed my pride and asked for help from a taller student. Getting my coat down was no easy task either.

I gotta tell ya, life is not easy for us short people. I mean, everything is catered towards tall people while us little people get the short end of the stick, no pun intended.

See, I'm really small. Freakishly small. "Where the hell is that voice coming from?" small. People would always lean on my head or throw me around like a little rag doll. So I thought I'd go out and see what life is like on the other side and be tall for once. I put on a pair of stilts and covered them with cloth to look like pants and I set out into the world. It was great. People were looking at me in awe and fear. One woman grabbed her child and ran frantically in the other direction.

I walked into a store and the salespeople were throwing clothing at me! Usually, I have to beg for service. Sometimes they'd even make me dance and sing. I took the clothes and gave the cashiers some money but they just screamed and cowered under the desk.

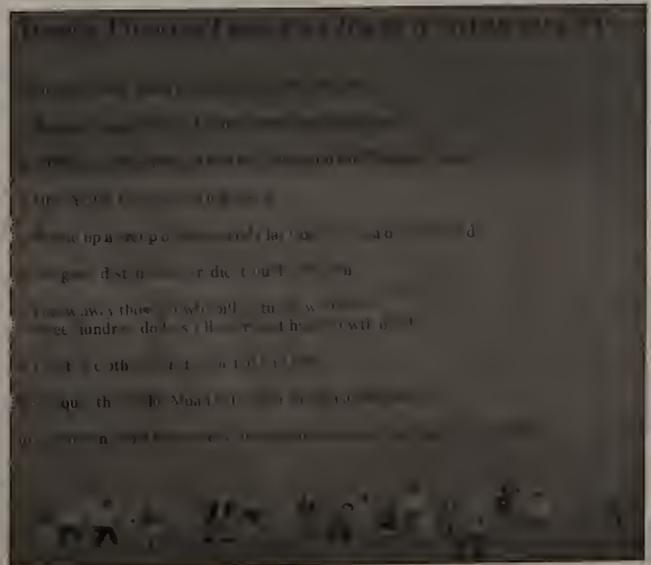
I took it as a sign that the clothes were a gift and I happily skipped out of the store.

I was feeling a bit hungry, so I decided to drop by a quaint little Italian restaurant for some eating. The waiters cleared away two tables for me! It was hard sitting down with the stilts and all so I just stood and ate. Instead of bringing me plates they gave me a trough out of which to eat. A whole trough! Wow, I thought, being tall is awesome!

After I ate I started to walk out of the restaurant when my pant leg got caught on the door and, before I knew it, I went crashing down onto the floor. I woke up to a couple of very angry restaurant owners. They took my stilts and started hitting me with them, screaming curse words in Italian. They chased me down the street, demanding that I pay for what I ate. I had nothing to give so I threw the clothing that I was given earlier at them. They still weren't satisfied. Though the time they took to try on the clothes was just enough for me to hide in a nearby recycling bin. It was really cozy so I decided to spend the night there. The next morning I woke up satisfied and refreshed. The restaurateurs were long gone, so I climbed out of the bin and went home.

It was an interesting day being tall, but I think I'll just stay small for a while.

Mei Ling Chen



# Build Your

So readers, it's the end of the Toike year, and by now our legion of writers is justifiably burnt out. Month in and month out, we've delivered the funny and frankly, we've had quite enough. We're still funnier than you, the unwashed masses that comprises our readership. However, we no longer have the energy to expend in actually putting together all the articles for you. If you've been a loyal reader, there's really no reason that you can't do it yourself. You know the formula. Listen, we'll even provide all the components necessary for a gut-busting Toike article; all you have to do is use the template below and the ideas to the right. (ask a grownup to help you cut out the photos!)

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# A Conversation Betwixt Gentlemen

Enter the Duke of Gloucester & Duke of York,  
on a dark London street.

YORK: A thief is none the beggar 'less he  
expects to be struck down at night.

GLOUCESTER: On a foggy nigh' in London,  
thou cans't protect thy wallet with due  
diligence, old friend, lest it be tak'n by a  
young rogue.

YORK: Verily so, yonder lucky bloke has ever  
stood fast against the tide of thievery and the  
common brigand.

GLOUCESTER: I query you, but whens't can  
this villainy be brought to justice, gentleman?  
Surely thy kin are fearful of the least of these  
vagabonds, and dare not stroll the streets  
past th'stroke of eight? What say you to that?

YORK: I say we take to the streets, and I say  
we gather our will and fell those fiends back  
to the cesspool of their sure origin.

GLOUCESTER: Rightly said, I shall gather  
to-arms with my entourage, and rid the  
dark corners of London of the evil vermin!  
Justice shall prevail, by vigilantism if no  
other means. Let there be no cost spared,  
no stony rock unturned, in our battle with  
the undercurrents that so infiltrate our very  
being! My handclock says a quarter past  
ten! The beginning of history shall thus be  
recorded! By my troth, I am off!

YORK: Wait sire! You have forgotten thy  
flintlock and dagger!

GLOUCESTER: I have forgotten nosh! Nay,  
when times are as such, one must roll up the  
sleeves and combat the vile henchmen in the  
very manner that they hav'st accosted thy  
bretheren. I shall arm myself with thy broad  
bande, and resort to fisticuffs shall the need  
arise. These scum deserve no more!

YORK: If ye must, then ye must. I shall mount  
Chester, my noble steed, and prowl the streets  
from higher vantage than those crims. With  
rapier in hand none shall approach without  
heed.

GLOUCESTER: Alas, then let us forge our  
blades in the fires of holy prevail! Woe is he  
that steps between thy steed and the trough  
of freedom! Yonder petty thugs shall be'st no  
more!

YORK: Agreed! This day shall be henceforth  
commemorated in a pictorial display of no  
lesser equal.

GLOUCESTER: And thus remembered as the  
day the fog lifted from the streets of London!  
Ho!

YORK: Momentous are moments in history  
such as these, where the hopes of man are  
once more kindled and at once our spirits  
uplifted. No more shall be the days of old.  
Only welcome the new dawning at this early  
hour of our true sight.

GLOUCESTER: Spoken like a prophet, thou  
hast riveted us so! Three cheers for the  
gentlemen of valour!

YORK: Hear, hear!

GLOUCESTER: Fear not, for we have the  
virtue of honour to guide us, and the gods  
shall grant us passage through these trials by  
mystical means known not to gentry such as  
ourselves.

YORK: Stranger things have happened, yes!  
For mere mortals know not the quirks of the  
heavens, who dost play roulette on the wheels  
of our lives, and cast die upon the pettiest of  
circumstance deemed below the attention of  
the gods.

GLOUCESTER: Verily, you have spoken  
true.

Paul Dabrowski & Kevin Au

# HOW READY ARE YOU FOR EXAMS?

TAKE THIS 5 MINUTE QUIZ TO FIND OUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO KICK ASS OR GET YOUR ASS KICKEO OURING FINALS.

1. Your class attendance this year has been:

- (a) Excellent. (Every class)
- (b) Good. (A few absences.)
- (c) Fair. (You like to sleep in every once in a while.)
- (d) Not so good. (You like to sleep in a lot.)
- (e) Dismal. (You still check ROSI and consult campus maps to figure out what and where the hell your classes are.)
- (f) Non-existent. (You were there to pick up the class syllabus and that's it.)

2. How much use has your text book had this term?  
You've read:

- (a) All the pages.
- (b) Some of the pages.
- (c) You've glanced at the back.
- (d) Saw the movie.
- (e) The book is still in its original wrapping.
- (f) You haven't even bought the book yet.

3. Your knowledge of the course can best be described by the following statement:

- (a) "Yo, this shit is easy."
- (b) "Yeah yeah yeah I'm fine."
- (c) "There are A LOT of cute girls in this class."
- (d) "Oh, God, I need a miracle."
- (e) "I got more 'knowledge' of my lab partner. Eh, eh!"
- (f) "I'm fucked. I'm so fucked. I'm finished."

4. Night before big exam will be spent:

- (a) in Robarts' reading room.
- (b) eating a big pizza.
- (c) playing extreme jit.
- (d) drinking absinthe.
- (e) fucking the dog.
- (f) All of the above.

5. Your definition of a good study environment is:

- (a) A quiet place with no distractions.
- (b) A quiet place with some distractions so you can take study breaks.
- (c) A place where a lot of nerds hang out and give you answers.
- (d) A couch in front of the TV.
- (e) Taking a nap.
- (f) Cancun.

6. When writing the exam, your strategy is to:

- (a) answer the easy questions first, and save the difficult ones for last.
- (b) answer the easy questions.
- (c) modify the questions you don't understand to suit your liking.
- (d) scribble your answers so the professor won't know exactly what you wrote.
- (e) answer all the multiple choice questions with the same letter to maximize the odds of getting at least one answer right.
- (f) doodle erotic comic strips.

7. To psych yourself up just before entering the examination room, you:

- (a) recite home-made acronyms to remember key points and concepts.
- (b) calmly whisper the phrase, "Serenity now. Serenity now."
- (c) swallow 5 Nyquilts.
- (d) chase the Nyquilts with scotch.
- (e) yell out the song, "I'm so fucked, it's not much fun, unfucking myself is not easily done."
- (f) attempt suicide.



## Answer Key:

Add up your total score, by using the following key:

- A - 5 points
- B - 4 points
- C - 3 points
- D - 2 points
- E - 1 point
- F - 0 points

If you scored:

- 0 - 6: Pack your things, you're moving to DeVry (wherever the fuck that is!)
- 7 - 13: I hear Ryerson has a world renowned Basketweaving program.
- 14 - 20: You are SO average... live a little!
- 21 - 27: Well, at least your mother's proud, even if you have no social life.
- 28 - 35: Nothing but aces up your sleeve. Everyone else hates you.

## Dick Moneysworth Private Investigator



"You'll get your money's worth out of this dick!"



# INTERNATIONAL NEWS BRIEFS

## NEW COLOGNE FOR STRUGGLING GUYS

PARIS, FRANCE (Reuters) - After hundreds of hours holed up in his underground lab, aspiring biochemist Herbert Yarbels has discovered how to capture his essence. He plans to distill it into a concentrated liquid and patent it as a type of cologne called "She-Repellant". "In my life", he explains, "I have noticed that while some guys do not get any attention from girls, ever, other guys get way too much for them to handle. I consider it my humanitarian duty to make life easier for those guys for which all hope is not already lost. The musk is", Herbert continues with pride, "a medley of natural grease and a delicate blend of body odor caused by over twenty-eight separate bacteria and parasites." This formula goes beyond mere "scent". It penetrates into the core of the customer's being, affecting them at a far deeper level, rendering them completely loathsome to females. Results are guaranteed.

## COMPUTER COMPANIES INTRODUCING NEW LINE OF E-PENISES

RENO, NEVADA (USA Today) - Penetrating studies show that between computer nerds, computing size does indeed matter. In response to these findings, local computer companies have branded a new line of powerful machines under the "ePenis" banner. This marks a new development in the technology industry, confirming the powerful metaphor that "a nerd's computer acts as an extension of his dick". Rival computer companies argue that "it's not the clock speed of your ePenis that matters, but it's how you hyper thread it." In other news, Norton has just released its new ePenis virus protection software, that's even able to protect computers with magnum clock speeds.

# MONTHLY BOOK REVIEW

Our favorite children's author Patrick Quibb has come out with a new mystery series you are bound to love again and again. Get a taste of how some of his newest novels begin and you will be dying to know what happens next!

## MYSTERY OF THE MYSTERIOUS THING

### CHAPTER 1

It was scorching hot. My monocle was backwards and warped. Thus, the sun's mighty rays were being channeled straight onto my left retina. The aqueous humor inside my eyeball was about to boil and spew out my sockets. You might say this was humorous, but I had other things on my mind. The pungent stench of treachery and evil doings stung my nostrils, causing a heaving nausea in my stomach. Perhaps the free Guinness was at fault, but what matter, scandal was in the air! It was my mission to find it out. My personal life and my boiling eyeball would just have to wait until my errand complete...

## THE DAY A MYSTERIOUS THING MYSTERIOUSLY HAPPENED

### CHAPTER 1

The Grand Auction was at hand. The most important relic of European history in the world shone before me on a plush pillow of purple velvet. Napoleon Bonaparte's dried testicle was going for 9 Billion dollars this day. In my excitement, I struck up jolly good conversation with the chap beside me who happened to be a Napoleonic historian and an expert in testicular dehydration. Despite his geniality, I could not help but be disturbed by his compulsion to crush every stray peanut shell that lay strewn on the floor with the tip of his shoe. It dawned on yours truly that I was face to face with he who should be dreaded more than the devil himself. He was Lloyd the Nut-Cracker, friend and first cousin of Jack the Ripper. No doubt he was at the race to crack the biggest nut of all. Napoleon's testicle was in grave danger! Only I could save it from certain destruction...

Both these novels as well as the rest of the series can be purchased on the second floor of the U of T bookstore. They will be on sale until 1915 so get there while you can.

Marin Turk



Ahh, another day. I feel great! Nothing to impinge upon this glorious feeling that always grips my soul upon woking. Rub the sleep out of my eyes and...wait, something is different. Why aren't I surrounded by my friends as per usual? Where is my feed box? I'm surrounded by vegetables, but not the usual fare so often scattered about my pen.

Hold on a moment here. What did I do last night? I can't even remember that. Did I drink too much fermented grain water again? The last time this happened I ended up laying an illegitimate egg with that shamelessly libidinous rooster from the next coop over. Oh let's fact it, I needn't sugar-coat the situation with fancy language. He was slutty, plain and simple. No, I believe I would remember if I had made that some mistake again.

Something really is different here. God, I look ton! It looks pretty good on me mind you, but I didn't get much sun yesterday or anything, so I don't understand...Wait, I'm beginnning to remember it all now... Jiminy cricket, this can't be true. I'm about to be eaten, aren't I? I remember now, I remember! It's not perfectly clear, but the events which I can recall make so much sense now.

The last thing I can remember is the farmer walking toward me. I was so thrilled because whenever the farmer comes around it means good food and happy tidings. And then... \*GASP\* He must have knocked me out so suddenly I didn't even realize it. How? How could he have done this to me?

And now I am sitting here on a table, about to be consumed. Oh, woe is me. The worst part is that my brain capacity has somehow retained itself, and I will probably have to watch each little part of me being eaten. Eaten by a hungry family that is currently surrounding me like a pack of stereotypically portrayed Native Americans in so many prairie settler movies of the 1950's, whooping and shooting arrows at the covered wagon, which in this case, is me. At the least I've maintained my penchant for similes.

Don't panic Bernice, whatever you do, don't panic. You can still make a break for it. Oh God! That was my leg. My leg is currently being enjoyed by a round little child. I hope you enjoy it Billy, because I'll never get that back. I needed that and now I'll never win the annual dance marathon. Never.

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-2002 eye magazine reader's poll



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# HEY UGLY!

Tired of people vomiting every time they look at you? Yeah, so am I... I mean, really! No one needs to see that! By "that" I mean your face. And let's face it, vomit's not that easy to clean. And with all the different varieties of vomit, you spend a fortune on stain removers! There is only one simple solution to this: hide that hideous thing you call a face.

First you have to decide what you want to hide, be it your whole face or just your nose. An easy way to find out is to have a friend stare at your face while you cover up each feature with your hand. The part of your face covered when they're not regurgitating is what should always be covered.

Now don't think that covering your face just involves a paper bag with two holes cut out. Be creative! Have fun with it!

If you want to cover your whole face, find someone really good-looking who's in all of your classes. Kidnap them and keep them tied up in your basement, giving them only the minimum amount of food and water to keep them alive. When they're all starwry and struggling for dear life, throw rice at them while screaming "who's pretty now, bitch?!" Oh yeah, you might wanna make a mask of their face to wear or something...

If you want to cover only part of your face, like your mouth or nose, use bandages and pretend that you were a recent burn victim. Or that you got a tattoo which went horribly awry and instead of regular ink the artist used some sort of radioactive ink and to take off the bandage would mean blinding and killing everyone who dared look at it. Hey, that's pretty close to the truth! You may even want to pull out that SARS mask you still have from last year. You never know when an outbreak could occur again!

Hats are great for covering parts of your face.

If you have a lot of ugly, buy a hat with a big rim so that it droops over your face. Put mirrors on your shoes so that you can see when you walk. Accessorize with a matching scarf and you'll be the most stylin' ugly person ever!

If you're not VERY ugly, maybe just a bit plain, there are some things you can do to make you look a bit better.

Make friends with someone uglier than you are and NEVER leave their side. That way you will be known as the "not-ugly" one. And if you're lucky and your friend's a real ugmo, you might even be called the "good-looking" one. Just don't show them this article.

Now you know how they say symmetry equals beauty? Well, they do! Really! Obtain a mirror about the length of your face. Attach the mirror perpendicular to your face to give the illusion that your face is actually symmetrical! Remember to attach it in the middle of your face, you don't want to freak people out and have them thinking you have three eyes or something. That would be a step backwards. Well, for most people...

Of course, if you do want to stick with the ol' paper bag, here are a few tips:

1. Measure the distance between your eyes BEFORE cutting the holes out.
2. Make sure to cut out breathing and eating holes. You remember what happened to Ugly Jimmy, don't ya?
3. Paint it pretty colours so your bag's not ugly, like you.

I'm sure you have your own crazy face-hiding ideas! So go nuts! You have nothing to lose! Well, there is that "dignity" thing...but who are we kidding?

# COMICS

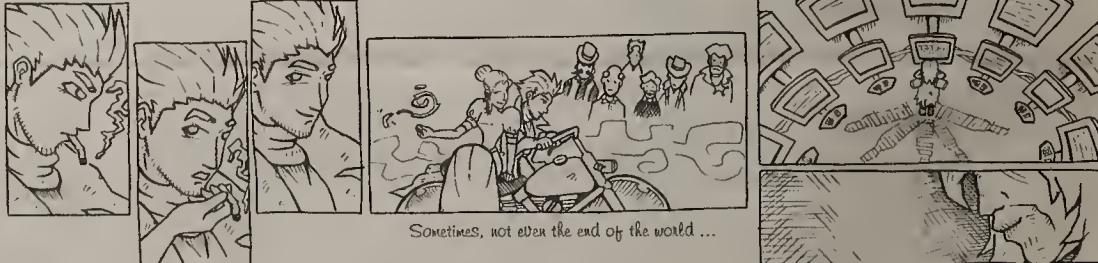
## Adventurer's Mark

For past episodes & commentary, please visit  
<https://individual.utoronto.ca/kev>



### Sundown

Like so many others who survived the end of the civilized world, he wandered and he searched. But not to regain his wealth, not to obtain power. But to rebuild his own world.



Alia Wain (aw\_wain@hotmail.com)

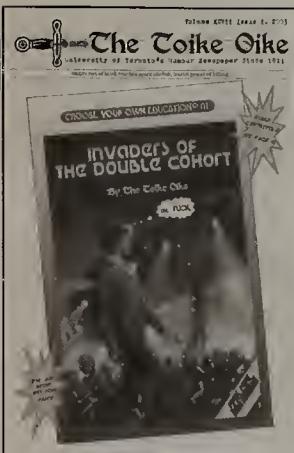


... means the end of the world



# THE TOIKE OIKE: 2003~2004 YEAR END REVIEW

A retrospective look at the events from the past year.



The F!rosh Issue - September '03

A big "welcome to Skule" to oT7's from the Toike Oike. This issue includes a choose your own education theme, and a badass map of the UofT campus.



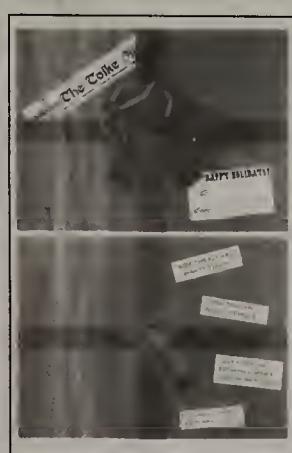
The Halloween Issue - October '03

This issue shows you what could happen if you trick or treat alone on campus. It also includes an actual Robert J. Birgeneau halloween mask that kiddies could trick or treat with, and the f!rosh PAP test results.



The Tabloid Issue - November '03

As a spoof on British trash tabloids (say that 5 times fast), the Toike Daily News was born. This issue includes an advertisement for the Bible on DVD, and a pullout advertisement for the Toike Store, where we try to sell you our useless crap.



The Holiday Issue - December '03

A present from our staff to our readers! This issue includes a section devoted to TTC humour, and six Christmas tree ornaments that kiddies could cut out and hang on their tree.



The Cosmopolitoike Issue - January '04

As a spoof of female glamour magazines, the Cosmopolitoike was born. This issue includes a special pullout section devoted to girl-humour, and a famous birthcontrol advertisement.



The Valentine's Day Issue - February '04

Love is in the air! This issue is a Valentine to our readers from our staff. It also includes a Valentine's Day themed pullout (not recommended for contraception).



The Toikebustaz Issue - March '04

An entire platter of cheeseburgers? Enough said. This issue is a spoof on the politically humourous Adbusters magazine. It includes a 20th century messy room critique, and an alternate cover.

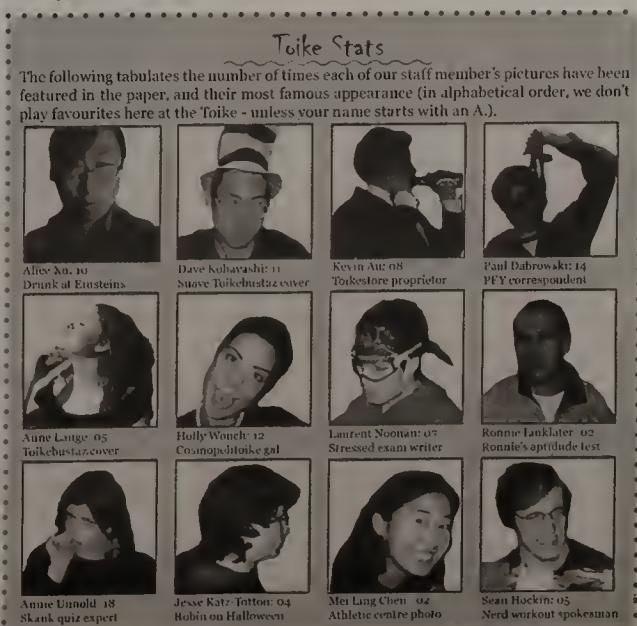


The Retro Issue - April '04

What's old is new; the Toike Gazette is going out with a bang and reporting news from any time period it can! It also includes a Toike signature "build your own article" pullout, and several retro advertisements.



Anne: "I'm Robin, NOT Peter Pan."



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